

THE JARR FAMILY

BY ROY L. M'CARDELL



"THERE was a lady palmer up at Mrs. Kittling's apartments this afternoon," said Mrs. Jarr excitedly. "It is wonderful the things she told us, and only for a quarter! Of course she gives you a fuller reading for a dollar, and Mrs. Kittling never does anything without consulting her."

"But Mrs. Kittling never does anything, anyway, does she?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Why, how you talk!" said Mrs. Jarr. "She does lots of things. She's one of the busiest women I know."

"Well, what DOES she do?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"She minds her own business for one thing!" said Mrs. Jarr, who did not like his attitude of criticism.

"Now, don't be nasty!" said Mr. Jarr. "Mrs. Kittling is a widow, a great widow, isn't she?"

"Well, you needn't sneer at her because her life has been wrecked by floods like her first and second husbands were," said Mrs. Jarr. "If she had her way, she'd rather they were dead, she wouldn't mind being a real widow. And she cries terribly about her troubles, because she was a high society Kentucky belle, and, as she says, her life is wrecked and wretched!"

"She's a blue grass widow, then, in a double sense," said Mr. Jarr. "But she always seems rather light hearted than otherwise when I see her."

"Do you think she's going to let anybody know she cares?" said Mrs. Jarr.

"She gets her alimony regularly, but does a stated sum a week for a broken heart!"

"I've known it to," said Mr. Jarr. "But never mind that you're going to tell me about the palmer."

"I'm foolish to tell you anything," said Mrs. Jarr. "You only grin and make fun of other people. But you can laugh all you please. I tell you there is something in palmer."

"Evidently," said Mr. Jarr. "There's a quarter in it, but they'll give you a fuller reading for a dollar."

"And some people can give you good luck," said Mrs. Jarr. "There's no doubt about that. I know lots and lots of cases."

"Name one," said Mr. Jarr, who was in an argumentative mood.

"I wouldn't do it, even if I could," said Mrs. Jarr. "And just at present I can't give you names, but, as I said, I have known lots and lots of cases. I'd tell you something else, but you'd laugh."

"No, I won't," said Mr. Jarr. "Tell me."

"Mrs. Jarr hesitated a moment, and then opened her hand and disclosed a small chain of beads about the size of a nutmeg that had some cabalistic signs etched on it in silk."

"What's that?" said Mr. Jarr.

"That's a lucky bag," said Mrs. Jarr, a little confused. "If you wear it around your neck it will bring you good luck in everything. It was only fifty cents," she added. "And even if it doesn't bring good luck, I don't believe in it, but the woman does. Why, she is that sure of their bringing good luck that she guarantees them. And she told us of a dozen people that bought them from her who had the most astonishing good luck right off. Some of them have become millionaires."

"Add do you expect to become a millionaire for fifty cents?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"I can't say that I do," replied Mrs. Jarr. "But that poor woman that makes them has had so much trouble and misfortune. She has had nothing but sickness and poverty and trouble. Her husband died and left her with nothing, her children have been sickly, her own health isn't good, and she's about to be put out of her home because she can't pay her rent. It made us cry just to hear of what the poor soul has been through."

"Why don't you wear one of her lucky bags and become a millionaire?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Maybe the poor soul never thought of it," said Mrs. Jarr. "I know I didn't, and whether it brings good luck or not I thought it a charity to buy one and help her along. And it was wonderful what she told me when she read my palm."

"Here," said Mr. Jarr, taking his wife's hand in his and consulting the lines. "I'll tell you about what she said. You are very kindhearted. The troubles of others affect you very much. You are married and get along very happily with your husband because you are patient and forbearing. Your children are very bright and will be a great comfort to you. You have been greatly admired and everybody is fond of you. You are fond of nice clothes, but often do without them and sacrifice your own wishes that others may be benefited, on account of your generous and unselfish nature."

"Oh," exclaimed Mrs. Jarr. "You mean thing, you were listening!"

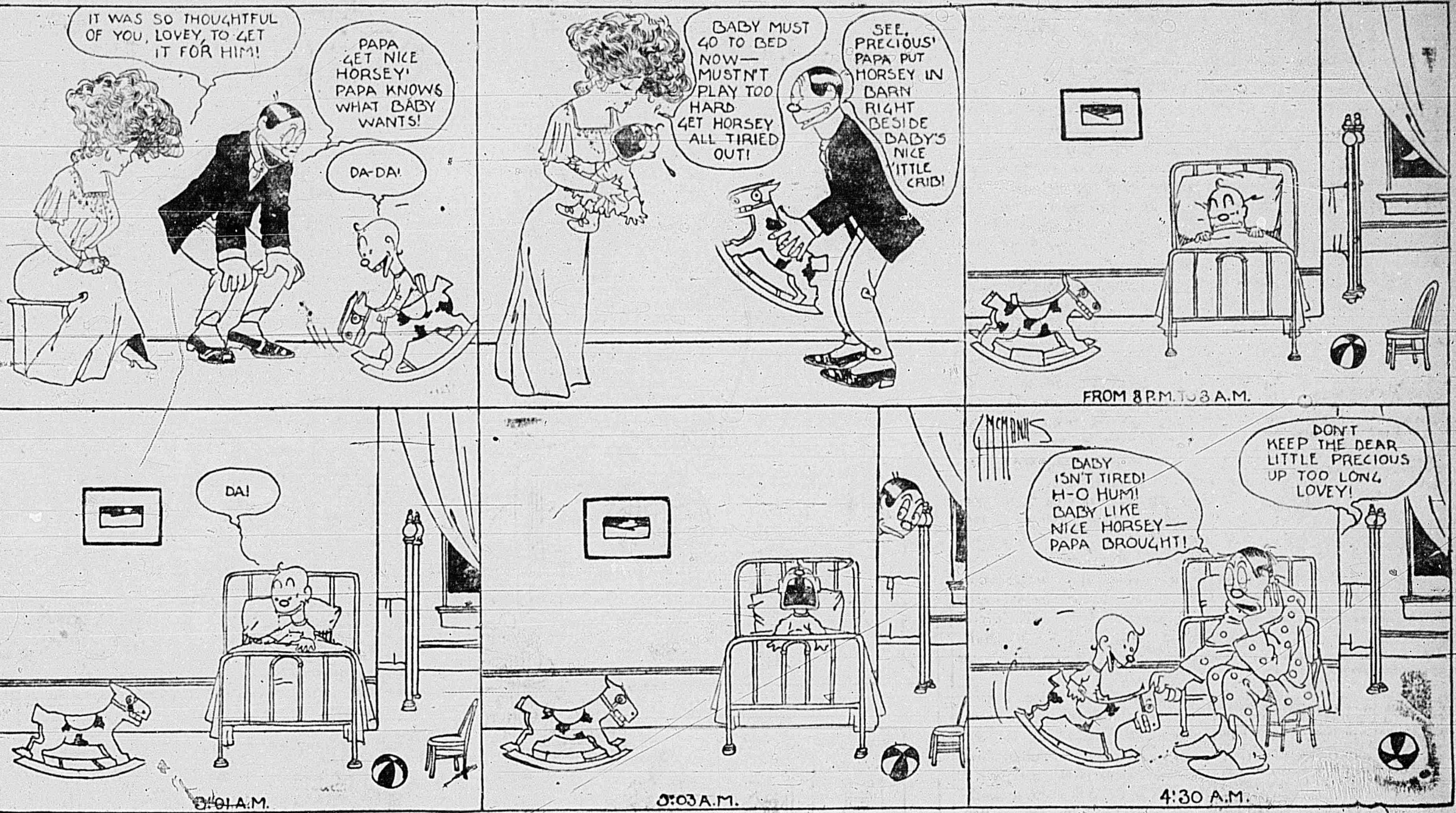
"No, I wasn't," said Mr. Jarr. "But that's what you say to all the married women. Now, if it was a single woman one says—"

"You just let me catch you holding any single woman's hand!" said Mrs. Jarr hotly.

And she was so angry at the thought that she threw the lucky bag across the room and broke her favorite vase.

The Newlyweds Their Baby

By George McManus



"Child of the Bowery" Meets a Strange Man and Learns a Stranger Trade

Heiny Is Taught by "Dutch Gus" One of the Mysterious Tricks of the New York Underworld.

A MATTER OF PRINCIPLE.
By Samuel Hopkins Adams.
Copyrighted by McClure, Phillips & Co.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING PART.
Heiny, a child of the Bowery, helps Dutch Gus, a crook, to escape from a police station. The latter brutally beats Heiny, who is rescued by two men, acquaintances of Gus. They admire Heiny's cleverness and think he may be of use to their partner.

Part II.

HEINY glanced at her, then at Lib, and finally at the two nickels in his hand. They looked large and they felt warm—but some way it wouldn't do. Not for Heiny.

"Say," he blurted out. "I do want these. I never lost no dime."

"Not" queried Lib incredulously. "Was it sure, I thought some of the bunch of rubbernecks might give up. I ain't takin' your dough."

"Shamefacedly, but with the magic of his smile shining over his homely little features, he dropped the coins into the hand of the girl."

"Well, whadda yeh think of that?" said Lib, less in query than as an expression of otherwise inexplicable amazement.

"Rise him up against Gus," advised the other. Maybe he could use a kid as fly as this one."

Between them they led Heiny beneath a glare of lights outlined the legend "Lone Pine Pool-Room, Pool 24 Cts. a Cue," through the smoke-blue atmosphere of a large room crowded with dilapidated tables and no less dilapidated players, whose accuracy of game was equalled only by the intensity of their earnestness they evinced at it, and upon a raised platform where men and women sat drinking at small tables to the desperate music of a battered piano.

"There was a sign, as we responded for a moment, says the Youth's Companion; then the father of the bride stepped out from his position near his daughter and said:

"I don't know as I can add anything to what has already been said," and he looked solemnly at the little gathering, evidently uncomfortable and embarrassed, but fortunately his eyes fell upon a neighbor, a political opponent, who would never listen to his views upon certain matters relating to taxation, and the speaker's face brightened, and he exclaimed with energy:

"But this seems an excellent opportunity and I should like to see a few words from the single state."

Improved the Chance.

A recent wedding in a small Western town the officiating clergyman, after the ceremony and the usual congratulations, turned to the assembled friends and said:

"Friends, you all know these young people; you have seen them grow up from children, and now that they have entered the holy state of matrimony perhaps some of you old neighbors may have some word to say to them."

"There was a sign, as we responded for a moment, says the Youth's Companion; then the father of the bride stepped out from his position near his daughter and said:

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"But this seems an excellent opportunity and I should like to see a few words from the single state."

Heiny stayed and watched. He saw a number of men who were drinking heavily; sailors, some of them, others evidently from the country districts (days, he labelled them mentally), and he noticed also other men who seemed to be drinking heavily, but never showed the slightest effects of it. These were Germans, much of Dutch-Gus's type. Later he came to know them all; Dolph Kleiner, who had served two terms in State prison for embezzling poor girls out of their savings; Franz Bertels, a reputed graduate of Heidelberg, who as a bogus count had lived for two months gloriously on credit at a swell club uptown; Bull Schild, the wrestler, and poor "Solo," the piano player, who had once sung minor roles in grand opera. Then there were the women, haggard, wan and dissipated, whose high-pitched moan lent an air of determined misery to the place. Just now Heiny's interest centered in Grady Meg, so called because of her crooked legs, who was seated next to him. She was a girl of about twenty, and with whatever weapon came nearest to hand, seek revenge blindly for the black tragedy that had made her what she was.

There was "something doing" at Meg's table. The keen-witted boy gathered so much from the whispers of Lib and Peaches and the covert attention of Gus. The man with Meg was drinking heavily and paying from a sizable roll of bills. Presently Gus stroiled over; there was a formula of introduction, and sitting down he ordered a round of beers. For a moment after it came the German's bulk hid the stranger's gaze from Heiny; but it seemed to the boy that if any one leaned over his glass that way with shiffling hand, well, he would be wary in taking his drink. Not so the stranger. He swallowed the last drop.

"He's took it," whispered Peaches to Lib.

"Sure. There he goes," assented the older woman.

The man's head rolled. He half rose, then fell forward. His forehead struck the table with a startling thump. Instantly, as if on signal, Dolph Kleiner, Bertels, Bull the wrestler and two or three others gathered around the interval.

"He's full already!"

If it was drunkenness it was a type unfamiliar to the experienced Heiny. But he asked no questions, neither then nor later that night when he went home with Gus on the German's invitation.

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Gus gave the stuff to?"

Gus stared at him. "We need it money," he said softly. Then, with a swift, savage change of tone: "Don't you get any fool thoughts in 'e head. You stick by 'e gang. That's all you haf to do. You be on 'e square with 'e gang, and 'e gang is on 'e square with you. Not-and you get killed. See?"

Heiny saw. He became a ready pupil in the mysteries of "peter." He learned the pater of the trade and how to deal at certain obscure drug stores deep in the heart of the east side, and what formulae to use in so dealing, and how to tell a "fly cop" by his feet and many another lesson in this school of crime. By virtue of which he became duly accredited messenger to the peter gang of the Lone Pine Pool-Room.

He acquired also a new article in his code of ethics to be "on the square" with the gang. Hitherto he had been loyal to individuals, now he began dim-

ly to see that there was a principle involved. That which in all of us reaches out toward some higher course of conduct than mere personal convenience and expediency gained itself from Heiny's growing spirit around this new standard. That the pursuit he abetted was unlawful weighed nothing. To him it was a natural livelihood. He preyed as preyed the scavenger insects that follow the feast of the slayer. And yet he had his occasional misgivings, such as he expressed in the one question to Dutch Gus. Some of the victims of the peter players were pleasant-faced, kindly seeming fellows. Why should they suffer the loss of their "rolls?" he vaguely wondered, and he thrust forth, despoiled and senseless, upon the mercies of the authorities? Not infrequently he felt uneasily sorry for them. But in evil case and good he was staunch with a waxing loyalty to the Lone Pine fellowship.

(To Be Continued.)

BETTY VINCENT'S ADVICE TO LOVERS

THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

A YOUNG MAN writes to ask me which of two women to choose for a wife, a pretty woman who does not love him and who will always insist upon having her own way, or a homely girl who loves him devotedly.

Let him choose, by all means, the woman who loves him. Irrespective of her appearance. Love and happiness are the most beautifying agents in the world and if he marries this girl and makes her a good husband he will find that every hour makes her more beautiful in his eyes, and soon he will begin to wonder how he could ever have thought her homely.

To be loved unselfishly and purely by a woman is the greatest happiness a man may find. To love a woman who is indifferent to him is the greatest unhappiness that can come to him. It takes a great love on both sides to make marriage a success, but if this young man gives the homely girl half a chance she will teach him to love her devotedly.

A Country Excursion.

I AM writing in behalf of four young men and myself regarding a rather delicate matter. We are going up State over Labor Day and, wishing to take our lady friends with us, we would like our lady friends regarding the trip. Is it necessary for us to have a chaperon, and, if so, should it be one of the young lady's mothers, or not?

Let him choose, by all means, the woman who loves him. Irrespective of her appearance. Love and happiness are the most beautifying agents in the world and if he marries this girl and makes her a good husband he will find that every hour makes her more beautiful in his eyes, and soon he will begin to wonder how he could ever have thought her homely.

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The Practical Housekeeper

\$10 a Day in Prizes.

The names and addresses of To-Day's Ten Prize Winners are given below with the Prize-Winning Suggestions.

Summer Beverages.

Ginger Pop. \$1 Prize.
Add to six gallons of lukewarm water one pound of cream of tartar, one and one-half ounces ginger, seven pounds of sugar, one dram essence of lemon and half a pint of liquid yeast. Mix well, bottle and tie the corks securely.

Mrs. FRANCES A. FISKE,
No. 41 Central avenue, Brooklyn.

Grape Juice. \$1 Prize.
Stem the grapes, put in a crock and wash. Cover the grapes with water. Boil till the seeds separate from pulps, then strain through cheese-cloth. To every quart of juice add a pint of sugar, boil until quite a thick syrup and can as any fruit. When ready for use add water so as to make it whatever consistency desired. While boiling do not allow the juice to "jelly."

Mrs. J. ARKOW,
No. 15 Morgan place, Arlington, N. J.

Home Sewing.

A Princess Dress. \$1 Prize.
One can make a very pretty princess dress by joining a lawn waist and skirt with a belt of lace. Make the skirt of two rows of insertion and lawn between, so when finished it will be about three inches wide, and join with lower edge of belt in a point on front of skirt about two inches below belt and gradually, to about half an inch below belt at centre back. Put waist on and join belt to correspond with skirt, then cut away material between the two, and you will find you have a very pretty princess dress.

AL W. SHORT,
No. 16 West Ninety-eighth street, New York.

A Pretty Apron. \$1 Prize.
A very convenient and useful little sewing apron can be made of two large handkerchiefs. Sew the two together, then turn up the bottom of one of the handkerchiefs and fasten all around. The part that is turned up encaseth through the middle so as to form two pockets. Gather the top and the wrist ribbon for strings.

Miss DORIS GOLDMAN,
Robinson Manor, Cornwall Landing, N. Y.

Recipes.

Eggs for Invalids. \$1 Prize.
When cooking an egg for an invalid or child, let the water come to boiling point, but not to boil. Drop in egg and let remain in water for five minutes. It will then be just right, also easy to digest.

Mrs. BENJAMIN REID,
No. 5 Carman street, New Brunswick, N. J.

Hot Weather Pudding. \$1 Prize.
Scald one pint milk, thicken with two tablespoonsful of cornstarch dissolved in cold milk, cook fifteen

minutes. Flavor with vanilla or rose. Set on back of stove, fold in stiffly beaten whites of four eggs. Take at once from fire, mould and set away to cool. Make soft custard of one pint milk, using yolks of four eggs; sweeten to taste and flavor. Serve on low glass dish and pour custard over.

Mrs. A. SOMMER,
No. 1724 Classon avenue, Brooklyn.

Saving Soap. \$1 Prize.
Buy your soap in large quantities, as the longer you keep it the further it will go. New soap is a waste.

Mrs. JAMES WINNEY,
No. 132 Du Bois street, Newburgh, N. Y.

Low Gas Bills. \$1 Prize.
There is a lot of waste gas in the average household. Few people remember to turn down the gas when leaving a room, and generally the lights which burn to heat the hall are burned much too high. It is the same with cooking. Once the contents of a saucepan are at the boiling point only a small amount of heat is necessary to keep the temperature at boiling point, and it is absolute waste if the gas is turned high. Then, again, when ironing much gas would be saved if it were turned low when the iron was taken off the fire. If it is necessary to keep a light during the entire night it is much cheaper to keep a small night lamp with oil and a tiny wick than it is to keep the gas burning, as these oil lamps consume a very small amount of oil.